

# THE ARIZONA CHAMPION.

VOL. 1.

FLAGSTAFF, YAVAPAI COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1884.

NO. 21.

**SAINT & CLELAND,** Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and dealers in Fresh Vegetables, Oysters, Fish and Poultry. **ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.**

WEEKLY CHAMPION.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

A. E. FAY, Proprietor.

TERMS: One Year \$5.00 Six Months \$3.00 Advertising terms made known on application at the office or by mail.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED

PRICE LIST

—OF—

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods, Notions,

—AND—

Gents' and Boys'

FURNISHING GOODS.

Sent Free on Application to

J. M. HALE & CO.,

7 and 9 Spring Street,

LOS ANGELES.

NOTE.

We make a special business of COUNTRY ORDERS, having a portion of our store set apart for that special purpose, and experienced men at the head of this department insure satisfaction to the distant patrons of our house.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. M. MASON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, WILLIAMS, Arizona.

DR. M. S. JONES,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR, NOSE AND THROAT Treated Exclusively. Office—Lanfranco Block, opposite Temple Block, Los Angeles, California. Office Hours—9 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

DR. R. G. CUNNINGHAM,

DENTIST, 120 NORTH MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES, California.

STEARNS & DOUGLAS,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico. "Be Nabis Espanol."

STONE & STONE,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Judge Wm. B. Sloan. James J. Hedgoc.

SLOAN & HEDGES,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Grant Block, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

McCOMAS & CATRON & THORNTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico.

C. C. McCommas, District Attorney 2d Judicial District, Albuquerque. Catron & Thornton, Santa Fe.

JAS. T. SAUNDERS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office—No. 3, Cromwell Block, Albuquerque, N. M.

Will practice in all the courts. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Collections will receive prompt attention.

DR. JOHN F. PEARCE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—Over City Drug Store, cor. Third and Railroad Avenue, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

G. S. EASTERDAY, M. D.,

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO. OFFICE, over City Drug Store. Consultation by letter will receive prompt attention.

DR. C. M. KIMBALL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—Over Phelps' Drug Store, Harrison Building, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Stevens & Co.,

(Successors to Stevens & Murphy.)

PEACH SPRINGS, A. T.

—DEALERS IN—

GROCERIES

Miners' Outfits, Clothing, Toilets, Tinware, Notions,

Hardware

Best Brand Flour, Powder, Shot, Cartridges, Hats, Caps,

Bacon and Hams,

Boston Baked Beans, Table and Pie Fruits, Canned Meats, Sugars, Teas,

Lard, Milk, Gents' Underwear,

Complete Suits, Fancy Shirts, Dress White Shirts, Etc., Etc.

Best Brands of

LIQUORS!

Always on hand.

Best Cigars in Market

The Bar.

There is a well-fitted Bar attached.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hackberry

RESTAURANT!

J. T. DAVIS,

PROPRIETOR.

M. BRADLEY. J. E. WESTLAKE.

Clipper Club

And Sample Rooms,

Railroad Avenue,

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

The Clipper Club and Sample Rooms keep constantly on hand choice old McBrayer Whisky and good cigars.

BRADLEY & WESTLAKE, Prop's

SIGN OF THE REVOLVING LIGHT.

Jno. M. Miller,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

CABINET

SALOON,

PEACH SPRINGS, A. T.

Keep constantly on hand the celebrated McBrier and Hermitage Brands of Whiskies, and a splendid assortment of Cigars.

Only 15 Ball Pool Table in Town.

Lunch Counter attached where meals are served day and night.

PATRICK CANAVAN,

—DEALER IN—

Clothing, Boots & Shoes,

For Laboring Men,

PEACH SPRINGS, A. T.

Best Brands of

Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand.

GIVE ME A CALL.

PIGMY TREES AND MINATURE LANDSCAPES.

In some ways the Chinese and Japanese gardeners are the most successful of any in the world. They can control and direct the growth of plants to a degree that seems really marvelous until the principle upon which it is done is known, when, as in many other matters, it becomes quite simple.

The Chinese have such a strong liking for the grotesque, and unnatural, that the handwork of their gardeners is not as pleasing as that of the Japanese gardeners. The Chinese understand the dwarfing of trees; but their best work is in so directing the growth of a tree or plant that it will resemble some hideous animal which is only fit to exist in a nightmare.

The Japanese, on the contrary, are remarkable for their love of what is beautiful and graceful, and, consequently, ugly forms find no favor with them. Every Japanese has a garden if it is possible; but as space is valuable in Japan, only the very rich can have large grounds, and the family in moderate circumstances must be content with a garden often smaller in area than the floor of one of our hall bedrooms in a narrow, city house.

Nevertheless, that small garden must contain as many objects as the large garden, and, of course, the only way of accomplishing the desired result is to have everything in miniature. It is no uncommon thing to see a whole landscape contained in a space no greater than the top of your dining-table. There will be a mountain, a stream, a lake, rocky grottoes, winding paths, bridges, lawns, fruit trees, shrubs and flowers; all so artistically laid out to resemble nature, itself. In the lake will swim wonderful, filmy-fined gold and silver fish, and not infrequently the tall form of a crane will be seen moving majestically about the tiny landscape.

This seems wonderful enough; but what will you think when I say that almost the same landscape is reproduced on so small a scale that the two pages of *St. Nicholas*, as it lies open before you, can cover it! In this case, a tiny house is added; delicate green moss takes the place of grass covers the lake where the water should be. Counterfeit fish swim in the grass lake, and a false crane overlooks the whole scene, just as the real crane does the larger landscape. The mountain, winding walks, bridges and rocky grottoes are in the little landscape; and real trees, bearing fruit, or covered with dainty blossoms, are in their proper places.

These trees are of the right proportions to fit the landscape, and they are, consequently, so tiny that one is tempted to doubt their reality; and more than one stranger has slyly taken the leaves or fruit between the fingers, in order to make sure that the dwarfs do truly live, and are not, like the fish and crane, mere counterfeits. These miniature landscapes have been successfully brought to this country; and on one occasion a lady of San Francisco used one of them as a centerpiece on the table at a dinner-party, greatly to the wonder and admiration of her guests, who could scarcely be convinced that the almost microscopic apples on the trees were genuine fruit.

And now comes the question—how is the dwarfing done? The principle is simple. The gardener merely thwarts nature. He knows that to grow properly, a tree requires sunlight, heat, moisture and nourishment from the soil. He takes measures to let the tree have only just enough of these to enable it to keep alive.

To begin, he takes a little seedling or cutting, about two inches high, and cuts off the main root. He then puts the plant in a shallow dish, with the cut end of the root resting against a stone, to retard its growth by preventing nourishment entering that way. Bits of clay the size of a bean are put in a dish, and are so regulated in kind and quantity as to afford the least possible food for the little rootlets which have been left on the poor little tree. Water, heat and light are furnished the struggling plant in just sufficient quantities to hold life in it without giving it enough to thrive on. In addition, any ambitious attempt to thrive, in spite of these drawbacks, is checked by clipping with a sharp knife or searing with a red-hot iron.

After from five to fifteen years of such treatment, the only wonder is that the abused tree will consent even to live, to say nothing of bearing fruit.—(John R. Coryell, in the February St. Nicholas.)

We commit a great many sins from time to time which, in the general reckoning up, we "don't count." Like Van Winkle, we take the extra drink, but only count the regular ones. Mr. H. S. Leigh, in a parody of Wordsworth, has really touched a soft point in the moral nature of mankind. A little girl whom he questioned declared that she had only eaten seven apples, though she confessed to having consumed four more in the disguise of a pie. The story has a very tender relation to every one of us:—

Little Effie was in great trouble over some mischief she had brought on herself, and after her prayers one night she looked into her mother's face and earnestly exclaimed:—"Oh, I do hope God will be smart and help me out of this!"—Ex.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

A Record of Strange Adventures Among the Natives.

There was a story ever popular in old-time whaling circles of the New London whaling captain who returned from a three years' cruise without either bone or oil. "But I had a darned pleasant sail," was his explanation to the disappointed owner of the ship. That's about the case with the little brig *Hazard*, just returned from a long trip to the South Pacific Islands. Capt. Tierney left Honolulu in the middle of April last in search of laborers for the sugar and rice plantations of the Sandwich Islands. The *Hazard* was fitted out by the Planters' Labor and Supply Company, organized to secure laborers from Portugal and from the South Sea Islands, to say nothing of the Chinese labor supply which drifts into these islands to no small amount.

The *Hazard* brings 128 laborers, twenty-two of whom are women, costing the company \$200 each, which represents the cost of the cruise of the vessel and other expenses. Three-fourths of the men are returned laborers who have been at work in Fiji and Queensland, and are, consequently, experienced hands. Most of them speak English. The pay given on the sugar and rice plantations of these islands is \$60 per annum for men and \$48 for women, including board, quarters, medical attendance, etc. The contracts provide that laborers on the expiration of their contracts shall be returned to their homes free of cost. For this purpose the *Hazard* left Honolulu in April for the Union group of islands in the South Pacific, and, after a pleasant run of fifteen days, landed there a number of islanders whose terms of service in Hawaiian plantations had expired. The landing was at the principal island of Fackepoo. The natives of the east and west ends of the island were engaged in a religious war, which, according to Capt. Tierney's information, promised results rivaling those of the memorable fight of the Kilkenny cats. Leaving Fackepoo, the *Hazard* sailed for the New Hebrides to secure men for boating purposes. It is a fact, perhaps not generally known in "the States," the Sandwich Islands have few good harbors. Vessels discharging supplies for the plantations or receiving sugar from them, lie at anchor a quarter of a mile off shore. Surf boats, manned by from six to ten men, dodge the reefs and force their way through the incoming surges slowly, and at great risk to life and property. Good boatmen are essential, and there are none more experienced, daring and powerful than the South Sea Islanders. At the island of Tanna, New Hebrides, Capt. Tierney's boat was fired upon from the shore.

Finally communication was established, and it was ascertained that the boats, being painted white, were thought to belong to a vessel from Samoa, and therefore unwelcome. Red paint prevented further misunderstanding. Six men were secured and brought aboard the *Hazard*, which weighed anchor and proceeded to other islands in the group. Sandwich Island is one of the handsomest, its peaks rising 4,000 feet and covered with verdure to the very summits. Several volcanos in this and other islands in the group were in various stages of activity, and shocks of earthquake were occasionally felt. The New Hebrides have supplied 5,000 laborers within the past few years, and a report was current that the French Government intended to establish a protectorate there.

Visiting the Torres Islands, the *Hazard* was attacked by natives, who fired from the high bluff under which she was anchored, and forced all hands to seek shelter. They had been fairly treated in trade, but are a treacherous, bloodthirsty set. Cruising through the Santa Cruz group, the *Hazard* encountered a French war vessel engaged in a search for relics of the vessel of the great explorer La Perouse, lost in 1786. The crew had recovered some cannon, two anchors and twenty fathoms of chain, all heavily encrusted with coral. At Santa Cruz, the larger island of the group, large numbers of the people came alongside in their boats, no less than eighty of which, manned by over 300 natives, were around the ship one afternoon.

The blacks were large, muscular fellows, armed with bows and poisoned arrows. The captain was fortunate in avoiding any trouble, and secured several boatmen. The natives were ready to trade and barter, but would not permit the ship's boats to approach their village. They eat the betel nut, which blackens their teeth, while the lips are a bright red. They use lime on their hair, and their appearance, with blackened teeth, red lips and tawny, shaggy heads, is that of demons, as they flourish and gesticulate wildly.—(Honolulu Correspondent of the Boston Herald.)

Senator Mahone goes about Washington in the coldest weather, by day and by night, without overcoat, and with his Prince Albert coat unbuttoned.—[Chicago Herald.]

Nothing makes a man feel so independent of public opinion as to have the price of a fine horse and carriage in his pocket.

CHAT BY THE WAY.

Philanthropy sometimes tries to do too much. On a cold winter night a good man was leading a little child by the hand, saying, "Here is a poor orphan and I'm trying to find his parents."

Nothing in the world could possibly be more exquisite than this notice in a partially vacant house:—The upper part of this house to let, containing three rooms, a cellar, kitchen and a back-yard.

Some people seem to have been born without a conscience. You can no more teach them to do right than you can teach a crab to crawl straight ahead.

How can you expect your children to be better than you are yourself? The old proverb is a true one. How can the foal amble when the horse and mare trot?

The motto of the rich, and it is a motto very easy to live up to, is, We are all Adam's children, but silk makes the difference.

Chilo once said, Virtue maketh man on the earth famous, in their graves illustrious, in the heavens immortal; but he was only an old-fashioned Greek.

We often say if we could only live our lives over again we would live them differently, but we are apt to forget that if a man has a capacity for making a fool of himself once he will not be likely to lose the opportunity when a second chance is offered.

The family which tries to keep up appearances on a slender income should learn to read Spanish. It has a saw like this, What enjoyment to have little to eat and keep a servant!

I wondered hugely what she meant, And said, "I'm bad at riddles; But I know where little girls are sent For telling taradiddles."

"Now, if you won't reform," said I, "You'll never go to heaven." But all in vain; each time I try, That little idiot makes reply, "I ain't no more nor seven."

We don't know exactly what the moral of it is, but in the sixteenth century there was a quaint saying, "What pretty things men will make for money!" quoth the old woman, when she first saw a monkey.

COULDN'T REMEMBER EVERYTHING.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, who had reached home very late one Saturday night and in a state of intoxication, "did you order the meat for to-morrow's dinner?"

"No," he said, "I (hic) forgot it."

"Did you tell the grocer to send a couple of mackerel for breakfast?"

"I forgot that, too."

"Well, the vegetables; I hope you didn't forget them?"

"Yes, I did," he replied as well as he could, "I'm ver' sorry (hic), but I forgot a-all about 'em."

"You didn't forget to get intoxicated did you?"

"No'm."

"Did you order the brandy for the mince-meat?"

"Yes," he said pulling out of his pocket a half-emptied bottle, "an' I (hic) brought it with me."

"I declare," said his wife impatiently, "we haven't a thing to eat to-morrow. It's the last time I will ever ask you to do any marketing."

"Well," responded the husband with considerable indignation, "yer don't expect (hic) er man to r'member everything, do you?"—[Philadelphia Call.]

During the recent raid on the pension thieves at Washington some startling grounds for the issue of pensions were developed. Men who had lost a leg in a contest with a reaping machine, were found in receipt of good fat sums once a month. But perhaps the most remarkable claim of the lot was that of one gentleman, who, on being investigated, asserted that he drew a pension for what he actually lost in the war.

"But what did you lose?" demanded the examiner. "You seem to have all your members and faculties."

"Well," replied the claimant, driven to the wall, "I lost my head at Shiloh and left for home!"

Another should have been placed on the list for the rest of his life at the highest amount allowed by law.

"What is your claim?" asked the examiner. "What did you lose?"

"I lost \$350 at poker the night before the battle of Fair Oaks."—[Drake's Traveler's Magazine.]

A farmer friend has sixty colonies of bees, a fine flock of light Brahma fowls, and a farm of over a hundred and twenty acres. He has two sons, aged 13 and 16 years respectively, and the elder boy has entire charge of the bees, of which he is very fond. He runs his sections, extracts his honey, introduces queens, divides his bees, and rears queens with a skill which many a veteran might envy. He is already well known in the city, three and a half miles distant, for his honey, and talks about bees, and quotes authorities in the most intelligent manner. All his honey is sold in one grocery store, and though he has had a good yield this season, and has reaped a fine profit, he cannot fully supply the demand at the store.—American Agriculturist.

LAUGHED AT.

To hear of suffering from heat in the Arctic regions sounds incredible to those who have never been there. Lieut. Gilder relates the experience of his party from this cause, while with Schwatka one summer in "King William's Land," and declares that probably nowhere on the earth is the traveler more annoyed by acute sun-burn than in the frigid zone.

The heat of ordinary exercise compels him to throw back the hood of his fur coat, which the cool evening and mornings preclude his not wearing. By thus exposing his head, not only his entire face become blistered, but especially—if he is fashionable enough to wear his hair thin on the top of his head—his entire scalp is affected about as severely as if a bucket of scalding water had been poured upon it.

At a later period than that of which I am writing, Lieut. Schwatka's entire party, while upon a sledge journey from Marble Island to Camp Daly, were so severely burned that not only their faces but their entire heads were swollen to nearly twice their natural size. And a fine-looking party they were!

Some had their faces so swollen that their eyes were completely closed on awakening from sleep. When one was fortunate enough to be able to see the others, he could not refrain from laughing.

All dignity was lost. Even the august commander of the party was a laughing-stock, and though he knew why they laughed at each other, he could not quite understand why he should excite such mirth. Pretty soon he saw his face in a mirror, and found that when he tried to smile, his lips were so thoroughly swollen that the effect was anything but happy. The contortion expressed sentiment, but hardly that of pleasure. He could readily have been taken for a grinning idiot or a malicious lunatic, according to the preference of the beholder.

The other night at the opera house, an old negro went to the door, feeling his way along with a cane.

"Whar's de show man?" he asked.

"Here I am," replied the manager of a Humpty-dumpty troupe.

"Would yer let a po' ole blin' man go inter de house?"

"It won't do any good to go in, old man. You can't see anything and there is no talking in this show."

"Wall, lemme go in anyway. I ain' been ter a 'tainment in so long I see hongry fur it."

"All right, old man, go up stairs," and a boy was called to show the old fellow to a seat. During the performance the manager looked up into the gallery and saw the old man laughing "fit to kill himself." Going up and approaching the old fellow, the angry showman said:

"Thought you were blind."

"Sah?" looking up with a puzzled air.

"I say I thought you were blind."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"What made you think dat?"

"Because you said so."

"Nor, sah, I didn't. I axed yer ef yer'd let a ole blin' man go inter de show an' yerse'f is de one what said I couldn't see."

"Well, you'll have got out of here."

"Sah?"

"I say you'll have to get out of here."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"Jes' 'case I ain't bline? W'y man, yer ought to be glad dat I ken see. Yee-oughter want nobody to be bline. Jes' lemme stay an' I'll shet my eyes durin' the rest o' de show? Won't do it? Huh, fust man I eber seed what wanted flocks ter be bline. Oh, I'll go out ef dat's what yer's a hintin' at. Wants me ter go jes' 'case I see enjoyin' myse'f. Dar's some mean mighty folks in dis deah worl', nohow."—[Arkansas Traveler.]

A Shepherd dog belonging to Louis Dean went to his master's house the other day, closely followed by a mighty-looking cur that seemed to be very fond of it. He divided his supper with his companion, and continued to do so for several days. The other day Dean was moving a band of cattle, assisted by his dog, when he noticed that Colonel seemed quite anxious to give his protegee a few pointers on "long ears," and accordingly sent him around to stop the cattle from entering a cross street. The new dog did his work well for a time, but, the cattle acting badly, he became excited and ran into the band, barking, putting Dean and Colonel to much trouble. The faithful old brute's patience becoming exhausted, he caught the cur by the neck, and, after giving him a good shaking up, he pulled him to a ditch and held him under water until he was nearly drowned. After chastisement the new dog behaved well, and now promises to be one of the best dogs in the state. Colonel has exclusive charge of his friend, and continues to feed him regularly, and when driving stock he seems to direct every moment of his "helper."—[Reno Gazette.]

The late John Proctor, the wealthy philanthropist of Andover, Mass., began life as a blacksmith's boy.